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Home College Series.

Number ✱ *Two.*

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

BY

DANIEL WISE, D.D.

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And what a young man may do in this respect a young woman, and both old men and old women, may do.

J. H. Vincent.

New York, *Jan.*, 1883.

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WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

BY DANIEL WISE, D.D.

William Wordsworth was born in an old manor house belonging to the Earl of Lonsdale, at Cockermouth in Cumberland, England, on the 7th of April, 1770. Though not of what is sometimes called "gentle blood," he was of honorable descent. The families of both his father and mother were ancient, and, though not noble, were yet of "good degree." His father was an attorney and managed a goodly portion of the wide domain of the Earl of Lonsdale, as that nobleman's law agent. William was the second of four sons. He had but one sister, named Dorothy, who was next to him in age, and of whom more will be said hereafter.

The place of Wordsworth's birth was on the banks of the Derwent, which he calls "fairest of all rivers." Little is known of his child-life beyond the fact that when five years old he was permitted to spend his summer days bathing in a mill-race on the banks of the Derwent. There he was to be seen, "now in the water, now out of it, now scouring the sandy fields naked as a savage, while the hot thundery noon was bronzing distant Skiddaw, and then plunging in once more."

From this statement it would seem that little restraint was put upon his young life. Yet his free life on that river was not without its influence on his tastes and character; for, he tells us that "the voice of that stream flowed along his dreams while he was a child." Already he had an ear for the sounds of nature which made the ripple of the crystal river sound like sweet music in his young soul.

His mother, described as a wise and pious woman, was wont to say of him, "William is the only one of my children about whom I feel anxious. I am sure he will be remarkable either for good or evil. According to the Scottish

proverb, he will either 'make a spoon or spoil a horn.'" The cause of this good mother's anxiety was what the poet calls his "stiff, moody, and violent temper." Herein he illustrates his well-known line, "the child is father of the man," in that his early moodiness grew into the meditativeness which gave character to his poetry, and his self-willed temper, when shorn of its unreasoning violence, became that unconquerable resolve by which he conquered the prejudices of society and won recognition as a true and great poet.

But his mother was not permitted to outlive her anxieties, and to see its cause shed such luster on the family name as to give it immortality on earth. When William was only eight years old she died, leaving only a dim but tender recollection of her person on her boy's mind. One year after her death the poet and his elder brother were sent away to school at Hawkshead, a village situated amid beautiful scenery.

The life of the boys at this school was better fitted to develop their physical than their mental powers. They boarded with the village dames in their cottages, and out of school hours were allowed to wander, at their own sweet will, in the fields, to range the woods, to climb the crags in search of ravens' nests, to skate on Esthwaite lake in winter, and boat on more distant Windermere in summer. In all these adventures William was a leader. None could ply a sturdier oar or climb a more dizzy crag than he. When he was in his fourteenth year his father, disheartened by his wife's death, followed her to the grave. But the poet was kept at Hawkshead until he was nearly eighteen, and was then sent to St. John's College, Cambridge University.

His years at Hawkshead had not been wholly given to free life in the fields, but sufficiently to study to enable him to enter college, if not with *eclat*, yet on an equality with the average freshman. Neither at school nor in after life was he given to much reading. Yet he had made himself familiar with the English poets, and had begun to feel that passion

for natural objects which was the fountain of his poetic power. Here also he had begun those close observations of natural objects which were to become the groundwork of many of his poems. He began this habit, he tells us, when only fourteen years old, while walking between Hawkshead and Ambleside. It was the sunset hour, and he noticed that the leaves and boughs of the oak grew dark and stood out when seen against the sunset. The discovery gave him extreme pleasure. Speaking of that hour fifty years afterward, he said, "That moment was important in my poetical history. I date from it my consciousness of the infinite variety of natural appearances which had been unnoticed by the poets of any age or country so far as I was acquainted with them. And I made a resolution to supply in some degree that deficiency."

Most faithfully did he keep that resolution, since, as Professor Shairp observes, "Perhaps no poet since Homer has introduced into poetry, directly from nature, more facts and images not before noted in books."

Wordsworth at Cambridge was by no means a shining light. During his freshman year, instead of consecrating his life to its prescribed studies, he surrendered himself to jolly companionship, "turned dandy, wore hose of silk, and powdered hair, wasted his hours in idle sports, drank wine at convivial supper parties, and once, in the room that had been Milton's, toasted the memory of that great poet until the strong wine made his brain reel." This was, however, his only fall into a state of intoxication. To his honor be it said that through the greater part of his subsequent life he was a strict water-drinker. Of himself, at this time, he says:

> "If a throng were near,
> That way I leaned by nature; for my heart
> Was social, and loved idleness and joy."

Happily for himself, if not for mankind, he grew weary of his follies before they had time to grow into over-mastering

vices. There was something in his nature that rebelled against the masterhood of low passions, as it did also against "the fetters which college contests and academic etiquette exacted." Hence, though he soon forsook the merry throng of university idlers and lived in almost solitary quietness, he did not fully surrender himself to the prescribed studies of his class. He preferred Chaucer, Spenser, and Milton to his college text-books. His thoughts dwelt more with the great Englishmen who had "of old tenanted that garden of high intellects," than with the problems of mathematics or the heroes of more ancient times. Hence, although he took a "common degree," yet he left Cambridge in 1789 with only a poor reputation for scholarship, and without any apprehension on the part of his tutors or college dons, that back of his almost insubordinate independence and scholastic distastes, there lay hidden and latent a poetic nature which was ere long to learn

> "To look on nature, not as in the hour
> Of thoughtless youth, but hearing oftentimes
> The still sad music of humanity."

The relatives of this wayward young man were sadly perplexed by his neglect to make his college life his golden opportunity to prepare himself for some profitable profession. He had no fortune, and no prospect but to live by the fruit of his own labor. They had strained their resources to carry him through the university. They were looking with eager interest to learn what he meant to do for himself. For his own part, he appeared to be purposeless, though in his own mind he had secretly resolved to be a poet. How to live meantime, until his poetry could be written and made a commodity exchangeable for gold, gave him little care. And after his graduation he spent several months in London idly wandering about the streets, haunting the book-stalls, and observing the ways of men, but neither earning money nor trying to find the means of earning it.

The following summer he spent in North Wales with Mr. Robert Jones, a fellow-student, with whom he had delightfully spent his last college vacation making a pedestrian tour of the continent of Europe. They now made a tour of Wales on foot, during which Wordsworth wrote his "Descriptive Sketches," which were not published until two years afterward.

In the winter of 1791 our poet found his way to Paris, which was then in the throes of its terrible Revolution. He had previously caught the fever of that liberty which in France, being based not on scriptural views of human rights and duties, but on infidelity, soon lapsed into the tyranny of a blood-thirsty mob. He now threw himself into its discussions, associated with a political party known as the "Brissotins," and fondly, but foolishly, dreamed that a golden age was dawning, in which all wrong would be righted and the world be transformed into a garden of delights:

> "Before him shone a glorious world,
> Fresh as a banner, bright, unfurled."

He would probably have perished with his political friends on the scaffold if his relatives at home, hearing of his peril, had not compelled his return by refusing him further supplies of money.

The sad outcome of the French Revolution dissolved his golden, but fanciful, dreams of popular freedom, and almost dethroned his reason. Vexed, disappointed, melancholy, disgusted with humanity, hopeless of its future, he stood on the brink of skeptical despair. When this blackness was closing in upon him his ministering angel appeared in the person of his only sister, Dorothy. She alone, perhaps, among his friends comprehended his character, and knew the secret charm by which to win him back to healthful views of life, and to revive in him that profound sympathy with nature and with human society which was necessary to the further develop-

ment of his great poetic power and of the better side of his nature.

Dorothy, therefore, wisely persuaded him to join her in a tour on foot through some of the most beautiful districts of their native land. Skillfully avoiding questions of philosophy, that gentle maiden led him into his former habit of observing natural objects. She guided him into places unfrequented by city multitudes, and undisturbed by reports of the great events which were stirring men's hearts into feverish and unhealthy passions. She placed him in personal contact with the simple-minded, virtuous poor. By freely conversing with many such, Wordsworth discovered noble purposes, great hearts, fine affections, lives made truly grand by Christian faith, "in huts where poor men lie." Then he looked on nature with his old delight, and "with a fuller consciousness of the source whence its beauty comes." He also looked "once more on common life, with love and imaginative delight:"

> "Of these, said I, shall be my song: of these,
> If future years mature me for the task,
> Will I record the praises, making verse
> Deal boldly with substantial things. My theme
> No other than the very heart of man,
> As found among the best of those who live—
> Not unexalted by religious faith,
> Not uninformed by books, good books, though few—
> In nature's presence: thence may I select
> Sorrow that is not sorrow, but delight;
> And miserable love, that is not pain
> To think of, for the glory that redounds
> Therefrom to human kind and what we are."

Thus the poet was saved from philosophical skepticism and mental distraction; thus he was prepared to fulfill his great poetic mission. Most gracefully does he recognize his indebtedness to the devoted Dorothy for this supreme result in these tender, beautiful lines:

"She gave me eyes, she gave me ears;
And humble cares, and delicate fears;
A heart, the fountain of sweet tears,
And love, and thought, and joy."

Wordsworth's restoration to mental health was gradual, and when it was accomplished it did not settle the practical question of how to live. His friends could not long continue to feed his purse, and they urged him either to enter the Church or study for the bar. He recoiled from both these professions, neither of which was suited to his tastes or to the bent of his mind. Yet, looking his pecuniary needs in the face, he felt compelled to ask:

"How can he expect that others should
Build for him, sow for him, and at his call
Love him, who for himself will take no heed at all?"

Then he sought an engagement on a London newspaper. Fortunately for the growth of his genius, he was at that juncture called to minister at the couch of his young friend, Raisley Calvert, who was sick with consumption. Through many weary months the poet brightened the slowly-expiring life of his friend. After Mr. Calvert's death Wordsworth, to his great surprise, found that his friend had left him a legacy of £900. It was a small sum, but it solved the problem which was becoming very perplexing. His habits being inexpensive and his desires moderate, it was sufficient for his present maintenance. It also enabled him to go to housekeeping, in humble fashion, at Racedown, Dorsetshire, in 1795, with his gentle sister as his housekeeper.

This was one of those extraordinary Providences which very rarely enter into the lives of young men so indifferent to the duty of self-dependence as Wordsworth had been. It was a timely gift of grateful love from Mr. Calvert by which the great All-Father provided for the earth-born needs of the poet, that he might be at liberty to minister at nature's altar

as one of her high-priests, and to teach mankind to find in the visible world "the means of high communion with the good and the pure throughout the universe."

Wordsworth's life at Racedown was spent in the quiet enjoyment of his sister's society, and in the cultivation of his great poetical abilities. Its most important incident was a visit from S. T. Coleridge, who, having found in Wordsworth's "Descriptive Sketches" something he had never found in poetry before, sought the author's acquaintance. They were kindred spirits, every way fitted to hold high intellectual fellowship together. When Coleridge left Racedown he paid his brother poet the high compliment of saying, "I felt myself a small man beside Wordsworth."

And Wordsworth, with reciprocal admiration, observed, "I have known many men who have done wonderful things; but the only wonderful man I ever knew was Coleridge."

Among the results of this visit was Wordsworth's removal, in 1797, to Alfoxden House, in Somersetshire, that he might become neighbor to Coleridge. Their intercourse, as they wandered amid the beautiful scenery in their neighborhood, was as stimulating to their poetic gifts as it was socially delightful. They were both poor, and, having planned a walking tour for which their scanty purses could not provide, they agreed to compose a joint poem, the sale of which to some magazine might provide the five pounds needed for their proposed journey. Out of this little scheme grew that weird, imperishable poem, "The Ancient Mariner," mostly written by Coleridge. But their work growing under their free-flowing pens beyond the limits of a magazine article, they soon determined to prepare a joint volume to contain, besides "The Ancient Mariner," a collection of Wordsworth's ballads. When it was completed they named it "Lyrical Ballads," and sold the copyright to Joseph Cottle, of Bristol, for the paltry sum of thirty pounds, with an additional amount paid to Coleridge for the "Rime of the Ancient

Mariner." Poor poets! And poor Cottle too. The latter printed five hundred copies. The short-sighted reviewers mostly condemned it. The public, consequently, refused to buy it. Cottle sold most of the edition to London booksellers at a loss, and, counting the copyright worthless, presented it to Wordsworth! This was unfortunate for our poor authors; but it was still more so for their critics, who, by censuring a book filled with so much of the rich ore of real poetic genius, demonstrated their own incompetency. The world, when grown wiser, afterward reversed their verdict, and placed the imperishable laurel on the brows of the authors of "The Lyrical Ballads."

A singular incident drove the poets from Alfoxden. The times were troublous. Political agitations raged throughout England. The wandering habits of the two friends excited suspicion in the minds of their rustic neighbors that they were hatchers of sedition. A spy from London, whose face was adorned with a remarkably long nose, shadowed them. One day, as the poets were talking about Spinoza, the sapient spy, listening from behind a bank, thought they were talking about himself, under the nick-name of "Spy-nosey." He reported that "Coleridge was a crack-brained fellow, with little harm in him;" but "that Wordsworth," he said, "is either a smuggler or a traitor, and means mischief. He never speaks to any one, haunts lonely places, walks by moonlight, and is always '*booing* about' by himself!" The owner of Alfoxden, believing this rubbishy gossip, refused to relet his house to a character so clouded with suspicion. The result was the determination of the poets to spend the winter of 1798–99 in Germany. Thither, therefore, they went. Coleridge spent his time at Gottingen in studies which diverted his mind from poetry to philosophy. Wordsworth, with Dorothy, made Goslar his head-quarters, and spent those winter months writing some of his finest poems.

The close of 1799 found Wordsworth and his sister estab-

lished in a small two-storied cottage at Grasmere, in Westmoreland. Their resources were limited to about one hundred pounds ($500) a year. But both were contented. Neither had any expensive tastes. A very frugal table satisfied their healthy appetites. Their neighbors were homely yeomen. They found abundant enjoyment in conversation and in long mountain walks together. Wordsworth lived much in the open air. "By the side of the brook that runs through Eusdale," he says, "I have composed thousands of verses."

> "He murmured near the running brooks
> A music sweeter than their own."

Meantime the public were beginning to read his poems. Hence, in 1800, he published a second edition of "Lyrical Ballads," enlarged by the addition of the poems written during his stay in Germany. In 1802 these poems were reprinted, and again in 1806. He was slowly gaining popularity among a limited, but intelligent, class of readers.

In 1805 his tiny fortune was increased by an act of justice on the part of the new Lord Lonsdale, who paid a debt long due the heirs of Wordsworth's father, but which the old Earl of Lonsdale, now deceased, had obstinately refused to pay. This payment added some three thousand four hundred pounds ($17,000) to the resources of the poet and his sister. Thus provided for, Wordsworth resolved to marry a lady whom he had long known and loved. Her name was Mary Hutchinson, and she was his cousin.

The wedded life of many great poets has been any thing but romantic and happy. Dante, Milton, Shakspeare, Dryden, Addison, and Byron, were either mismated or unfitted by temperament and temper to live amiably in a relation which levies a perpetual tax on the self-will of both parties. But William Wordsworth and Mary Hutchinson, like Charles Wesley and Sarah Gwynne, discovered the secret of unbroken connubial affection. They were happy in each other, and no

poet could pay more graceful and affectionate tribute to a wife than did Wordsworth to his Mary in the following exquisite lines written three years after marriage:

"She was a phantom of delight
When first she gleamed upon my sight;
A lovely apparition, sent
To be a moment's ornament;
Her eyes as stars of twilight fair;
Like twilight's, too, her dusky hair;
But all things else about her drawn
From May-time and the cheerful dawn;
A dancing shape, an image gay,
To haunt, to startle, and waylay!

"I saw her upon nearer view,
A spirit, yet a woman too!
Her household motions light and free,
And steps of virgin liberty;
A countenance in which did meet
Sweet records, promises as sweet;
A creature not too bright or good
For human nature's daily food;
For transient sorrows, simple wiles,
Praise, blame, love, kisses, tears, and smiles.

"And now I see with eye serene,
The very pulse of the machine;
A being breathing thoughtful breath,
A traveler between life and death;
The reason firm, the temperate will,
Endurance, foresight, strength, and skill;
A perfect woman, nobly planned,
To warn, to comfort, and command;
And yet a spirit still, and bright
With something of an angel light."

Happy in his domestic life, made almost affluent by generous gifts from noble friends who learned to set high value on his genius, and by being appointed distributer of stamps for the county, Wordsworth's years now glided on like a

peaceful river. Yet they were not wholly unclouded by occasional trials. He was stricken with deep sorrow when his beloved brother, John, perished in the wreck of his ship, on the eve of his intended retirement from a life hitherto mostly spent at sea, that he might settle at Grasmere. In 1812 two of his little children were laid side by side in Grasmere church-yard. His grief, which was cloud-lined with silver by the visions of his faith, is touchingly expressed in the following epitaph he wrote and placed on a modest bluestone over his boy's grave:

> "Six months to six years added he remained
> Upon this sinful earth by sin unstained;
> O blessed Lord! whose mercy then removed
> A child whom every eye that looked on loved;
> Support us, teach us, calmly to resign
> What we possessed, and now is wholly thine."

The sight of those two little graves was such a constant reminder of the lost treasure they held that in 1813 Wordsworth was glad to remove to Rydal Mount, where he spent the last thirty-seven years of his quiet life:

> "On man, on nature, and on human life,
> Musing in solitude."

Perhaps the most vexatious trial of our poet's long life was his treatment by the reviewers of that day, particularly by the brilliant, but caustic, Jeffrey, who was the ruling spirit of the "Edinburgh Review." Not content with his first sweeping condemnation of the lyrical ballads, that redoubtable critic kept up through several years a running fire of vituperation, sarcasm, ridicule, and invective on Wordsworth's subsequent poems. Their simplicity he sneered at as puerility. The homely character of their subjects he condemned as savoring of vulgarity. Their style, which was prosaic in form when compared with that of all former poets, he pronounced

unpoetic. Their pictures of the workings of dispassionate and pure human affections he reviled as being tame and unimpressive. And their treatment of such high themes as immortality he pronounced affected, tedious, and unintelligible. By keeping their excellences out of sight, and by presenting the feeblest of the many feeble lines they unquestionably contained, he made most of his readers believe that Wordsworth was no poet. At that time public opinion respecting books and authors was largely formed by what the reviewers wrote; and when they kept Wordsworth under perpetual ban the public for a long time ceased to buy his books.

How did Wordsworth endure this critical maltreatment? Was he silenced? Nay. His genius was a living fountain which would flow whether encouraged or condemned. Was he coerced into a different choice of themes and the adopting of other modes of treating them? Not entirely; yet, like a wise man, he so far modified his subsequent writings as to select a higher order of themes, and to abstain from his early use of the most homely phrases employed by the humbler classes in their daily conversation. Nevertheless, he stood substantially to his original purpose of making poetry the instrument, not of impure passion and sensuous imagery, but of lofty sentiments, high suggestions, noble thoughts, and pure affection. Here is what he wrote of his poems to a friend when his rising fame was, as it seemed, hopelessly eclipsed:

"Trouble not yourself upon their present reception. Of what moment is that compared with what I trust is their destiny!—to console the afflicted, to add sunshine to daylight, by making the happy happier, to teach the young and gracious of every age to see, to think, and feel, and, therefore, to become more actively and securely virtuous. This is their office, which I trust they will faithfully perform after we—that is, all that is mortal of us—are moldering in our graves."

This is the dignified language, not of a vain fool, but of a

brave man defying the frowns of a misjudging public, because he was conscious that his work was not trashy tinsel, but pure, solid gold, certain in the end to be rated at its real value. The event proved that this was not empty boasting, but veritable prophecy.

Caroline Fox, in her "Memories of Old Friends," says that Lady Holland, at one of her distinguished assemblies, asked Mr. Henry Taylor what he was doing. That gentleman told her ladyship he was writing a review of Wordsworth for the "Quarterly." "What!" exclaimed Lady Holland, in whose mind the cynical criticisms of Jeffrey had made lasting lodgment; "what! absolutely busied about the man who writes of caps and pinafores, and that sort of thing!"

To this contemptuous remark Taylor, who represented the new opinion of Wordsworth's worth which had already sprung up, very gravely rejoined:

"That is a mode of criticising Wordsworth which has been obsolete for the last ten years."

Yes, such hypercriticisms of our poet as dropped from Jeffrey's biting pen are indeed obsolete; and although some readers are still perplexed by the thin vail of philosophical obscurity which is upon some of his poems, yet the great body of intelligent and cultivated readers now class him with the best masters of the poetic art. One cannot justly pronounce him a Christian poet, because he never sought to guide his readers into the inner sanctuary of the spiritual life. Nevertheless, he certainly, as Professor Shairp remarks, "every-where leads to its outer court, lifting our thoughts into a region neighboring to heaven, . . . bringing down on the transitory things of eye and ear some shadow of the eternal, till we

> "'Feel through all this fleshly dress
> Bright shoots of everlastingness.'"

Probably no uninspired man, no poet living or dead, ever looked so deeply into nature, ever found so many lessons in

natural objects fitted to build up elevated character, as William Wordsworth. His insight into the "heart of nature" was truly marvelous. His sympathy with her life was so deep that to him her every product was instinct with conscious life.

Still more intense was his perception of the all-pervading presence of the invisible Author of nature throughout the universe, when in rapt meditation he felt

> "Something far more deeply interfused,
> Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns,
> And the round ocean, and the living air,
> And the blue sky, and in the mind of men:
> A motion and a feeling that impels
> All thinking things, all objects of all thought,
> And rolls through all things."

The poet's life at Rydal Mount was spent in peace and honor. His star had emerged clear and bright from behind the clouds of superficial criticism and popular neglect. The University of Oxford, in 1839, honored him with the degree of Doctor of Civil Law. In 1842 a government pension of £300 per year added to his already comfortable income. In 1843 he succeeded his friend Southey as poet-laureate. His works were widely read. The breath of fame trumpeted his name, and his own experience taught him that

> "Peace settles where the intellect is meek,
> The faith heaven strengthens when He molds the creed."

When he was seventy-seven a deep shadow from the realm of Death fell upon his noble heart. His daughter Dora died. Yet, while he bowed his majestic head over her cold, silent remains, he could and did say, "Our sorrow I feel is for life, but God's will be done!"

Three years later, on the 23d of April, 1850, the poet himself breathed his own life away, passing peacefully into that Great Unknown men call Eternity.

DIVINE LESSONS FROM NATURAL OBJECTS.

Consider the lilies how they grow: they toil not, they spin not; and yet I say unto you, that Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these. If then God so clothe the grass, which is to day in the field, and to-morrow is cast into the oven; how much more will he clothe you, O ye of little faith!

Sing, O ye heavens, . . . shout, ye lower parts of the earth: break forth into singing, ye mountains, O forest, and every tree therein: for the Lord hath redeemed Jacob, and glorified himself in Israel.

As for man, his days are as grass; as a flower of the field so he flourisheth; for the wind passeth over it, and it is gone: and the place thereof shall know it no more.

He shall come down like rain upon the mown grass: as showers that water the earth.

Do men gather grapes of thorns, or figs of thistles? Even so every good tree bringeth forth good fruit; but a corrupt tree bringeth forth evil fruit; . . . wherefore by their fruits ye shall know them.

Sing unto the Lord with thanksgiving; . . . who covereth the heaven with clouds, who prepareth rain for the earth, who maketh grass to grow upon the mountains. He giveth to the beast his food, and to the young ravens which cry. He delighted not in the strength of the horse. . . . The Lord taketh pleasure in them that fear him; in those that hope in his mercy.

And he showed me a pure river of water of life, clear as crystal, proceeding out of the throne of God and of the Lamb. In the midst of the street of it, and on either side of the river, was there the tree of life, which bare twelve manner of fruits, and yielding her fruit every month: and the leaves of the tree were for the healing of the nations.

Blessed are they that do his commandments, that they may have right to the tree of life, and may enter in through the gates into the city.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

[THOUGHT-OUTLINE TO HELP THE MEMORY.]

1. Born? Ancestors? Family? Child life? Mother? Scotch proverb about the "spoon?" Early character? Mother's death?
2. School life? Father's death? College education? Poetic beginnings? Prof. Shairp's testimony? College habits? Books he liked? Reputation as a scholar on leaving college?
3. Life in London? Wales? Paris? His sister—her ministry of help to him? Calvert? Legacy? Coleridge at Racedown? His opinion of Wordsworth?
4. Removal in 1797? Celebrated "joint poem?" Removal from Alfoxden? Winter of 1798–99? Home at Grasmere? Increased financial resources? Marriage? Bereavements? Jeffrey's assault? Effects on Wordsworth? Lady Holland and Mr. Henry Taylor? Present estimate of Wordsworth?
5. College honors? Government pension? Poet-laureate? Bereavement? Death?

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